

they can be depends on how talented they are. If they are only moderately talented, they can only be moderate assholes. Now Jack's talent is colossal, which is lucky, because he's a colossal . . . — Sorry, Annie.

ANNIE. Vincent, I need you to do me a favor. It's a rather large one and . . . well . . . — *(Suddenly, Annie begins to cry. She turns away from Vincent.)*

VINCENT. Annie?

ANNIE. It's over between Jack and me — I can't anymore, Vincent, he's just — . . .

VINCENT. There, there, Annie, I know Jack must be a difficult to live with . . .

ANNIE. Difficult? Vincent, haven't you noticed — my husband is psychotic!

VINCENT. Annie, I'm afraid Jack was right about one thing — he is a great artist, so we can't judge him as we judge others.

ANNIE. I've tried to leave him, Vincent —

VINCENT. No —

ANNIE. I couldn't go through with it. We're just too — connected. In ways you can't imagine.

VINCENT. Of course, you are, sweetheart. Have you tried a marriage counselor?

ANNIE. Jack refuses to go into therapy of any kind. He says an artist should never have life made rational to him.

VINCENT. Well stop fretting right now, because I know the perfect solution to your marital woes.

ANNIE. You do?

VINCENT. Have a baby. Yes, that's what all my straight friends do when their marriage is in trouble.

ANNIE. I've tried that already.

VINCENT. You did?

ANNIE. A couple of years ago, I got pregnant, Jack didn't want it.

VINCENT. I didn't know —

ANNIE. There's lots you don't know, Vincent.

JACK'S VOICE. *(Over an intercom.)* Annie! Where?!

ANNIE. For God's sake! *(She pushes a button on the intercom.)* Behind the wine rack, Jack! *(She releases the button.)* Imbecile. *(To Vincent.)* He put in an intercom so he could bellow at me from any room in the house.

VINCENT. He is a winner, isn't he?

ANNIE. He's a monster, Vincent. And the trouble with monsters

is — they can be so damn attractive.

VINCENT. Yes, I've dared a few myself.

ANNIE. Vincent, what do you really think of my work?

VINCENT. Pardon?

ANNIE. You're my dealer. True, I'm probably your least valued client, but —

VINCENT. Now Annie, you know I think your work is promising, so promising —

ANNIE. The reason you represent me is because I'm Jack's wife, isn't it?

VINCENT. Sweetie, why are we going through this?

ANNIE. It has to do with my favor, Vincent, which, as I said — is rather large.

VINCENT. Well I certainly hope I can help you out. You know how grateful I am to you.

ANNIE. For what?

VINCENT. For coming into Jack's life just when he was going through his worst career slump — assembling those atrocious collages. I mean look at this — *(Indicates a collage consisting solely of female shoes.)* It looks like the Payless shoe factory exploded. But look at these — *(Points to the other paintings.)* — moody — provocative — aggressive! We all had written him off, Annie, but whatever you did to get him painting like this —

ANNIE. That's why you want me to stay with Jack, isn't it? Because I'm good for his work.

VINCENT. Annie, great artists are unique, challenging people. And whoever can get them painting to the best of their abilities —

ANNIE. So you're indebted to me.

VINCENT. Absolutely.

ANNIE. So you will help me?

VINCENT. Annie, your work just hasn't yet matured to a point where —

ANNIE. My favor has nothing to do with my work, Vincent.

VINCENT. Then consider it done.

ANNIE. Really?

VINCENT. Absolutely.

ANNIE. Thank you. Help me kill Jack.

VINCENT. Okay, I spoke too fast.

ANNIE. Tonight. Within the hour. I want him dead.

VINCENT. Annie! You must be joking.

ANNIE. You and I — let's kill the colossal asshole. *(Jack pops in*